

THE KILLING OF THE CZAR.

A Lately Published Story of Nihilism's Greatest Crime.

A pamphlet purporting to give the true details of the assassination of Alexander II of Russia has recently been published in Europe by Nikolaus Notovich. The title of the pamphlet is "Czar Alexander III and His Entourage." The part of it relating to the tragedy of March 1, 1881, tells the following story:

In the last days of February, 1881, St. Petersburg was in a fever of unrest. The people talked and acted as if calamity pervaded the air. On February 28th there was a family dinner in the imperial palace. During the conversation the Czar became irritated by a frivolous remark of one of the Grand Dukes and reproved him openly. As the present Czar made some excuse for the embarrassed young man, Alexander II commanded:

"Silence! Nobody asked for your opinion. You would do better to occupy your mind with affairs of State. To-morrow you may reign."

After the dinner Count Loris Melnikoff appeared and requested Princess Juriewski to persuade the Czar not to attend a certain military parade on the following day, but to defer the review in deference to the impression that on March 1st an attempt would be made upon his life. A little later the Czar informed the Grand Duchess Alexandra Josephowna that he would not attend the parade.

"Loris has condemned me to imprisonment," were his words.

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed the Grand Duchess. "To-morrow my son was to be presented to you in his new capacity of officer of ordinance."

"Humph! I never thought of that," replied the Czar. "In that case I will not obey Loris, for nothing in the world could induce me to cause you needless disappointment."

On March 1st the Czar worked with Count Loris Melnikoff until 11 A. M., and signed the ukase concerning the introduction of the Constitution. He then went to his wife embraced her and promised to be cautious during his absence. As he would leave, his little daughter Katharina caught him by the coat, crying:

"Papa, you have not given me a single kiss to-day."

"What a terrible creditor you are," said the Czar, laughing. "You do not trust me at all. Well, give me your kiss, and may it bring me luck."

The Czar rode out in a close carriage, surrounded by Cossacks of the Guard.

The imperial party crossed, on their way to the parade ground, the Malaja Sidowaja street, under which a mine had been laid by the Nihilists, although as yet its existence was not suspected. The people along the route cheered the Czar as usual, and he recovered from the fit of melancholy into which the apprehensions of his family and ministers had thrown him. The review was undisturbed by accident. The Czar received and congratulated the new ordinance officer, son of the Grand Duchess Alexandra, and sent to the Grand Duchess word that all had gone well and that the apprehended attack upon him appeared to have been contemplated by nobody. After the review the Czar passed a few minutes with his old aunt, the Grand Duchess Katharina Michailowna; then he proceeded homeward. The coachman, at his command, drove through the less frequented streets, where the least danger from the Nihilists was apprehended. At the quay of the Katharina Canal a young man disguised as a peasant threw the first bomb. There was a terrific report. The imperial carriage lay in ruins on the pavement. The Cossack who had sat beside the coachman was dead. Two of the mounted guards were lifeless on the ground, and not far away lay the body of a little boy with the basket of meat that he had carried scattered in fragments round him. The Czar, pale but sound, emerged from the wreck of his carriage. General Dworjewski, who had driven up in his sleigh immediately, approached the Czar on foot, saluted, and begged his Majesty to hasten with him from the spot.

"My place is by the side of the wounded," responded the Czar firmly, as he turned toward the bodies of the men who were stretched on the reddened snow. The crowd had caught the murderer and he was brought by two Cossacks to the Czar.

"Your name!" commanded Alexander.

The man gave an assumed name.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

The man returned no answer. As the Czar was about to enter General Dworjewski's sleigh he asked an officer,

"Are you wounded?"

"No, thank God!" was the reply.

"Do not thank God too soon!" cried a man, disguised as a peasant, from the crowd, and a bomb fell at the Czar's feet. For a moment all was hidden in fire and smoke. When the air cleared, the Czar was lying in a pool of blood.

"I am cold," he sighed, as he struggled to a sitting posture. He was spattered with blood, and his uniform was in tatters. Around him lay ten officers and soldiers, some dead, the rest dying. The uninjured soldiers carried the Czar to a sleigh.

"I am cold," he sighed again, as they laid him among the robes. A soldier covered the Czar's face with a handkerchief. The young Count Gendrikoff mounted behind, covered the Czar's head with his helmet, and held his shoulders. Captain Koulebiakien, severely wounded, knelt and steadied the body.

"You are wounded, my Koulebiakien?" inquired the Czar faintly.

"My God!" exclaimed the captain, weeping, "what must be your Majesty's sufferings!"

The sleigh had hardly started when the Grand Duke Michael hurried up, his face distorted and white.

"Sacha," he called, using the Czar's pet name, "are you wounded?"

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

General Advertisements.

M. McINERNY.

Are we to be, or not to be, a part of the Great Republic, seems to be the burning question of the day, and one we had rather leave to wiser heads than ours to solve; and while great statesmen are wrestling with this momentous question, we want to have a little "paw-paw" with you on some other subjects, that concern you as well as ourselves.

Has it not occurred to you that you've been wearing that old hat long enough! In these progressive times if you intend to be "in it," you've got to keep pace with fashion. No matter how otherwise well dressed you may be, unless your hat is the correct thing you bear a shabby appearance.

We have already laid in a stock of the Latest Hats of the coming Spring and Summer styles, in hard felts, soft felts and straws, and including a line of the celebrated "Fedora" Hats, at present all the rage in the United States. There is therefore, no necessity for you to hang on any longer to that old Tile that bears such a strong resemblance to the hat "your father wore."

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We might go on indefinitely, but space is valuable, and to enumerate everything we carry would fill a pretty fair sized book. If there is anything you want in the men's line, just drop in and see us, and if we can't suit you, we don't believe any one can.

If you should want a pair of nice shoes, let us try a hand at fitting you. Did it ever occur to you

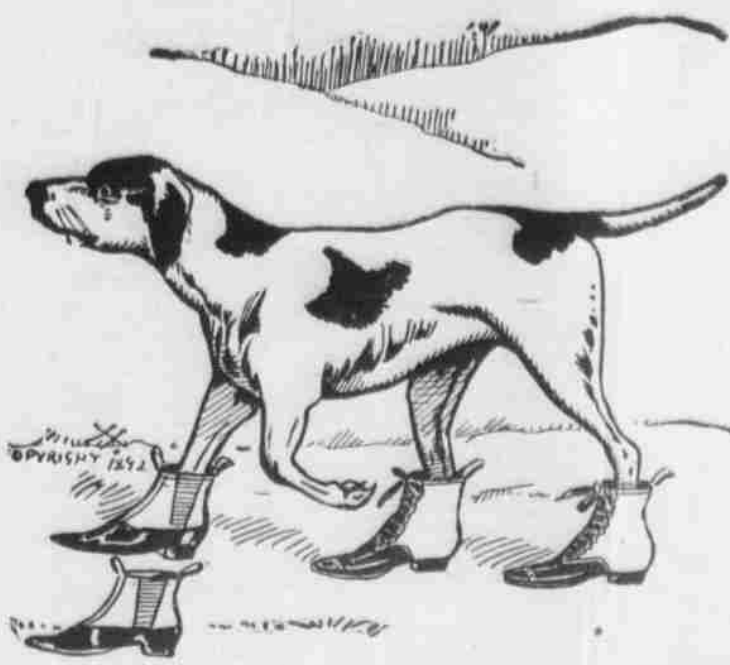
How much a man is like his shoes; For instance, both a soul may lose. Both have been tanned; Both are made tight by Cobblers; Both get left and right; Both need a mate to be complete; And both are made to go on feet.

They both need healing; oft are sold, And both in time will turn to mould. With shoes the last is first; with men The first shall be the last; and when The shoes wear out, they're mended new; When men wear out, they're men dead too.

They both are trod upon, and both Will tread on others nothing loth. Both have their ties, and both incline When polished, in the world to shine; And both peg out. Now would you choose To be a man, or be his shoes.

M. McINERNY.

General Advertisements.



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